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LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Why should I here my name inscribe,
 Among the joyous and the gay ?
 I have no commerce with the tribe,
 Who bask in pleasure's smiling ray.
 Is there a page where wretches write,
 The dark memorial of their woe ?
 'Tis there that I would fain indite,
 And bid the strain of sadness flow.
 Say, from the night's obscurer hour,
 Can issue day's inspiring beam ?
 Or can the floating sparks o'erpower
 The quenchings of the flooded stream ?
 Then why should I "in sorrow steep"
 The lay that thou would'st ask of me ?
 Were I to sing, 'twould make thee weep—
 And that would swell my misery.
 Nay, rather let me mourn alone,
 Nor tune again my grief-strung lyre ;
 Hush'd be its spirit-sadd'ning tone,
 Extinguish'd be its funeral fire !

FITZ-W —.

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES—No. II.

MR. CHARLES BELL.

The brightest ornament of the British School of Medicine, decidedly is he whom we have selected for the subject of our present paper. Were we called upon to name that individual amongst us, who, "with a learned spirit," is most deeply acquainted with the structure and functions of the animal frame—who since the time of John Hunter, has approached the nearest to that great man's powers of research into the nature of life—its sources—its immediate instruments—its varied and mysterious influences—almost its locality—its very individuality, and its essence—we should unhesitatingly, and with sentiments of national pride, pronounce the name of Charles Bell.

Even to those who are most superficially conversant with the medical sciences, the name of Bell must be familiar. It has been long associated and identified in this country with the progress of anatomical study—nay, it may be considered almost as correlative with it as the name of Herschel is with the contemplation of the heavens ; the very mention of the one is enough to suggest that of the other ;—yet in the present instance there is something purely accidental. John Bell, the late distinguished surgeon of Edinburgh, was the only brother of Charles, and both, we believe, were totally unconnected with the other eminent individuals who bore the same family cognomen. It is, however, now made permanently illustrious by the genius and talents which adorn its actual representative : *vir jure magni nominis*—mainly through him will it descend to succeeding times, covered with fame and honour.

It is an extremely gratifying thing to discover in the ablest of our experimental philosophers, so many excellent qualities as we find in Mr. Bell : we are anxious to dwell upon his candour and straightforwardness—his integrity and disinterestedness—his gentleness, yet his firmness—as well as his pre-eminent powers of mind, and the labours he

has achieved ; but we must not anticipate—we shall reserve the consideration of his *personal* character for a while, merely taking occasion now to mention one or two little circumstances, which may tend to set him more vividly before the reader. See him in the discharge of his professional duties—in the hospital—in the lecture-room—we shall not say in private life, for it is only as a public character we pretend to know him—and you at once perceive that no man bears his faculties more meekly, or with less assumption ; while the easy repose of his manner—an easiness almost bordering on affectation—tends even, at first sight, to conciliate for him the good opinion of casual observers. There is besides in his personal appearance much that is gentlemanly and imposing : his figure is rather robust, and above the middle size ; his features set off with all the befitting gravity which that modern appendage of the *savant*, a pair of spectacles, can bestow ; and his years, which do not appear to exceed what is usually accounted middle life, derive additional solemnity from “the crown of hoary grey.” So his letter of recommendation being of the best sort, the impression which he usually makes on strangers is, that he is a man of much simplicity and mildness, coupled with first-rate intellectual power.

Full thirty years have gone over his head since Charles Bell first began to distinguish himself in his profession : he was an author at the period to which we refer, and in conjunction with his brother gave the world that admirable system of anatomy, which is, indeed, still the best that can be put into the hands of students. From time to time afterwards, he published many things evincing as well his talents as an artist, as his skill and research as an anatomist : the work which he wrote in 1806, entitled an “*Essay on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting*,” is an elegant little treatise, that acquired for its author considerable popularity : yet when he, as all men should suppose, the fittest for the place, sought the professorship of anatomy in the Royal Academy, he was supplanted by the more potent interest of Mr. (now Sir Anthony) Carlisle. It is idle to form conjectures in such a case, but the thought cannot be suppressed that the students of that establishment must have suffered a serious loss in the disappointment of Mr. Bell, the devoted admirer and cultivator, as he has ever been, of the fine arts : by the very best judges his sketches and drawings of morbid parts and peculiarities of structure have been highly estimated for their boldness and truth, whilst in another branch he seems never to have had a rival—his specimens of wax-modelling are considered to be unique—the result of a peculiar style of workmanship of which he is the inventor, and still the sole possessor.

How many are the circumstances upon which the rise and reputation of a man of genius depend ! How difficult, how almost impossible is it to emerge without the fortunate conjunction of rarest accidents ! With truth has it been observed, though gloomily, that the career of a medical man, above all others, is the play thing of fortune, and that the degree of his reputation is, for the most part, entirely casual. The chances, it may be added, are multiplied against him, when to his character as a practical man he adds, in any degree, that of a speculatist, or of being engaged in researches, even such as are understood to have for their object the promotion of medical science. Harvey, it is well known, was treated with derision by most of his contemporaries upon broaching his new views to them ; he was, as he confessed to an intimate friend, much injured in his practice, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was absolutely *crack-brained*—all the profession too were opposed to his

opinions. Jenner, before he had matured his magnificent discovery, was treated much in a similar manner by little-minded oppositionists. But why refer to other times for examples of the world's waywardness? The merits of Charles Bell have long been sunk in comparative obscurity—the cleverest anatomist of our day—the most original discoverer in medicine since the time of Harvey—who twenty years ago laid before the public the first lines of his views of the nervous system, and since then has been engaged in teaching them, and in presenting successive papers to the Royal Society upon the subject not only without emolument but with considerable pecuniary loss—is still perhaps less known and valued by his own countrymen than by foreigners: his labours, we have no hesitation in saying, are better understood and appreciated by the faculty in France, than by the members of the medical profession at home. Mr. Bell is not querulous—he bears his humiliated destiny with becoming patience; yet it were surely beyond the endurance of human nature, not to feel in *some* degree annoyed: nor can we be surprised when we read in the preface of a work of his, recently published, such a passage as the following:—“The facts which I bring forward” (in the “Nervous System”) “admit of no contradiction; and perhaps, hereafter, curiosity may be excited to know in what manner they were first received. The gratification in the inquiry has been very great: the reception by the profession has been *the reverse* of what I expected. The early announcement of my occupations failed to draw *one encouraging sentence* from medical men. When the publication of these papers by the Royal Society made it impossible to overlook them altogether, the interest they excited *drew countenance on those who opposed them, or who pretended to have anticipated them.* To myself this has ceased to be of consequence: but I confess I regret to leave those young men who have honourably and zealously assisted me in these inquiries, in the delusive hope of labouring for the gratification of their own profession—the pleasure arising from the pursuit of natural knowledge, and the society of men of science, must be their sufficient reward.”

If Mr. Bell really did upon reflection expect any other treatment than that which he has received, we must only give him credit for a less profound knowledge of the human mind, than of the human body. Yet only to think that the discoverer of the nervous system is amongst us—our cotemporary; and that with the facts of Harvey's story before us, and treated with our sympathy, he remains unrewarded, not only with the suffrages of his own profession,* but with the favour of the public (for by some mischance he is *not* popular, or at least not known as a practitioner beyond a very limited sphere)—that he is not attached in his professional character to the Royal person or household, though permitted to dedicate his great work to his Majesty—that he is, in fact, at this moment without any public appointment, save that of an hospital surgeon—it is enough to fill the mind with the gloomiest thoughts, in the highest degree unfavourable to the gratitude of human nature.

It may probably startle certain readers to meet with one or two of the expressions which we have just employed. We have called Mr. Bell “the discoverer of the nervous system,” and “the most original discoverer in medicine since the time of Harvey:” in doing so, we have spoken advisedly. But, perhaps, it were well for the tranquillity and satisfaction of those who *have* been startled, as well as of those (a much

* We have just been given to understand, that in 1829 the first *King's medal* was awarded to Mr. Bell by the Royal Society, “for his profound researches on the Nervous System.”

larger class we apprehend) who have never read much concerning the nervous system—to venture upon an exposition of what Mr. Bell has done to deserve those appellations. We shall, however, first beg leave to state a few elementary facts relative to the nerves generally, and we trust the brevity of what we have to say, will prove our best apology.

The ordinary appearance of the nerves, which may be seen in such abundance in the superficial parts of the human body, just beneath the skin and in the adjacent quarters, cannot be unfamiliar even to those who have never dissected. For perspicuity's sake, we may (with Mr. Bell) define a nerve to be a dense white cord, which upon examination is found to consist of distinct filaments. These filaments have nothing apparently peculiar in their structure—they all, however different their functions, contain a soft pulpy matter, enveloped in a delicate membrane—and, on the whole, gathered as they are into a single sheath, constitute a cord of connexion rather than a tube for the passage of any fluid. But there is nothing certainly known on this head; in fact, with regard to the manner in which the agency of the nerves is employed, except as mere conductors of some sort, we are completely in the dark.

The nerves have been called the *vital solids*, as it is on them, in an especial manner, that the chief endowments of life are bestowed. Through them we are prepared to comprehend the phenomena of a living body, and are enabled to observe and arrange the symptoms of disease; the study of the nerves is, therefore, by far the highest department of anatomy. But those cords themselves inform us of nothing—it is not yet determined whether they be sources of power or not; by observing, however, their relations, and their course through different parts of the body, we arrive at the most curious and important conclusions. Whoever has seen a good dissection of the nerves prepared in spirits, or even a tolerably well executed print of any portion of the system, must be struck at the apparent complexity, and intermixture, and labyrinth-like distribution of those “threads of life” in every direction—and the labours of the most able anatomists, until recently, have only tended to add to the confusion by additional discoveries. In this, indeed, some of those students have experienced the highest degree of gratification—as it is well known that the diligence with which a subject is pursued, generally finds its reward in the enthusiasm to which it gives birth. A story is told of a pupil in Windmill-street, a native of Germany, who dissected the nerves with such extraordinary perseverance, that when the body was lifted out of the spirits in which it was kept, it presented a complete tissue or net-work of nerves all over it. Different individuals form different conceptions of their probable employment in another world. Painters generally depict the heavens and the mansions of the blest as regions of cloud and sunbeams: and poets add their own embellishments of sentiment and song: but this indefatigable student's notions of a future state were, that he might be there and then enabled to prosecute the dissection of the nerves to still greater minuteness, and discover perfectly their origins and terminations! It remained then, in short, for some great and comprehensive genius—some master-mind—to elicit order out of this accumulating confusion. And such was precisely the task which Mr. Bell laid down for himself, and in the diligent prosecution of which he made those splendid discoveries which will immortalise his name.

With the utmost diffidence, and with a wholesome fear of offending by prolixity, we shall endeavour to give as brief an account as we can

of his researches. So early as the year 1811, Mr. Bell published, for circulation among his friends, a little work entitled, "An Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain," &c. containing the germ of his future discoveries. In this *brochure* he clearly traces the difference of functions belonging to one and the same nervous cord, to the difference of origin of the filaments of which it is composed: he shows that, besides the nerves of sight, smell, and hearing, there are in the human body four distinct systems combined into a whole—those of sensation—those of voluntary motion—those of respiratory motion—and lastly, nerves constituting the sympathetic system which, from their being deficient in the qualities that distinguish the three others, seem to unite the body into a whole, in the performance of the functions of nutrition, growth, and decay, and whatever is directly necessary to animal existence. Of these the two first are bound together through their whole course: the third are partially joined to the two former, and the last are the most irregular of all. The two first are, in fact, the spinal nerves; and to these, the most important, at least in the first instance, his earliest attention was directed. Many isolated facts, it is true, were known about the spinal nerves before Mr. Bell turned upon them his philosophic ken. That they had each of them (and it may be observed, by the way, that they are thirty-one in number, constituting a symmetrical system) two roots in the spinal marrow, and a ganglion on one of those roots near the point of their junction: that one root was fixed in the anterior column of the spinal cord—the other in the posterior; and that the ganglion belonged entirely to the latter root;—all this was known, but it led to nothing but the most lamentable mistakes: conjectures were formed in abundance—but they were not the most competent who formed them—Haller gave up the inquiry in despair. But Charles Bell pursued it in the truest spirit of the inductive philosophy. His reasoning and his experiments upon the fifth nerve—the symmetrical nerve of the head—confirmed him in all his preconceived hypotheses, and rendered his demonstration of the system complete. His attention was next occupied with the nerves subservient to respiration. These he denominated the *superadded* nerves, forasmuch as they belong in their utmost perfection and apparent complexity to man, and are much simpler, or altogether absent in the lower classes of animals. To these he added the consideration of what Bichat erroneously calls the *ganglionic* system. Here, however, he perceived that all was done which could reasonably be hoped to be done; the energies of those nerves are most mysterious; they can be only known by negatives—they neither supply the powers of sensation or motion—they are themselves perfectly destitute of feeling; but they evidently are in some way connected with the completeness of the system—they minister to the functions of organic life. Mr. Bell proved, that when a part supplied by a nerve is possessed both of sensation and motion, that nerve is a double nerve and proceeds from the spinal column; and it has its double function in consequence of its double root—the root which springs from the anterior column conveying the motive energy, that from the posterior, the sensitive;—as a familiar example of both these functions being employed at the same moment, we may instance a man groping in his pocket for a piece of money.

Nor let it be supposed that there is more matter of curiosity than of real utility in these investigations. The practical benefit to be derived from them is, not only that the physician shall discover distinct systems of nerves to be the seat of disease, but he shall

acquire new powers of discriminating symptoms. And this has been the case in numerous recent instances. The nerves of the face will afford us ample illustration: they, in fact, not only tend to prove the correctness of Mr. Bell's views, but in themselves present to our attention many very curious particulars. *Tic douloureux*, that excruciating complaint which has of late years become so common, is well known to be an affection of the nerves: any nerve of the body may be attacked with it—but the facial nerves, from some circumstance with which we are not so well acquainted, are peculiarly subject to such an attack. Now the nerves of the face constitute a most extraordinary net work, composed of the smaller ramifications of the three grand divisions of the fifth nerve, and those of the principal division of the seventh. The first division of the fifth emerges from the skull, just over the middle of the eyebrow—the second on the upper part of the cheek bone, about the middle of the lower margin of the eye-socket—and these two branches contribute to the sensibility of all the parts which they supply; the third division of the fifth issues from the lower jaw towards the chin, and is altogether destined to supply the motive energy of the parts to which it is distributed. The ramifications of the seventh nerve spread over the face from the nerve itself (which comes out of the skull towards the lower part of the ear) and constitute altogether what is frequently called the facial nerve; this nerve, it may be further remarked, is essentially concerned in the respiratory system. Having got through these indispensable details, what we have now to say will be readily understood. If either of the first two divisions of the fifth nerve be cut, the *sensation* of the parts which it supplies is lost—if the third division be cut, the *motion* of the parts supplied by it is destroyed—they become paralysed: the same loss of motion attends upon dividing the seventh nerve, and the result is the more serious the nearer the source it is divided. Simple as these statements may now appear, it is a certain fact, that the nerves of the face have been frequently cut for the *tic douloureux* within the last few years, and wounds and diseases have destroyed them—yet a suspicion of the distinct functions of those nerves has never been entertained. Nothing can more satisfactorily prove the importance of anatomy, and our utter incompetence to observe the most common signs in the living body, unless we understand the structure and functions of the parts affected. Some of the most eminent men in the profession have cut the branches of the fifth upon the cheek and upon the forehead—some have even cut the *facial* nerve. One gentleman is known to have made seven cuts upon the face, besides some smaller ones—what were these but experiments upon the living frame? And, in truth, we might have been cutting on for years to come; sometimes benumbing the face by the division of a nerve—sometimes paralysing it—twisting it into ludicrous distortion, and taking all this as a matter of chance, had not anatomy, under the auspices of Charles Bell, taught us to arrange those facts in an intelligible manner.

A gentleman once presented himself as a patient to Mr. Bell, labouring under a most lamentable paralysis of one side of his face: the integuments hung down like a dead mass; the eyebrow, eyelid, nostril, mouth, and cheek were immovable. This paralysis had been produced by a blow, which stunned him, and caused bleeding from the ear of the affected side. He had been now for many months without amendment, and was sent to Mr. Bell, as a fit subject for the division of the three branches of the fifth nerve on the sound side of the face, in order, as it was hoped by those who sent him, to balance the features by debilitating

the muscular action of that side. The operation was very properly declined: the consequence, had it been performed, would have been this: the gentleman would have lost the sensibility of one side of his face, while by the original injury the other was deprived of motion: and had the facial nerve on the sound side been divided, both eyes would have remained open, the nostrils would have been rendered motionless; and the sense of smelling would have been much diminished if not lost altogether; the power of articulation, so far as it depends upon the lips, would also have been lost, and the food and the saliva would have dropped from the mouth!

"It was lately proposed to me," said Mr. Bell, in a lecture delivered before the College of Surgeons, "in consultation, to divide the facial nerve. A gentleman being affected with that very common *sardonic* twitching of the face, was so distressed with the effect of it, that he was ready to submit to any thing. By this operation I should have effectually stopped his grinning; but the remedy would have been worse than the disease; he would have had paralysis in all the corresponding parts of the face attended with the imperfection of speech, and perhaps the loss of his eye."

Enough, if not more than enough, we apprehend, has been said to demonstrate the importance of Mr. Bell's profound researches: we shall now briefly allude to the attempts which have been made to deprive him of his right to them as an original discoverer: for this also was among the unpleasant circumstances that fell to his lot, in addition to the want of countenance which he experienced from his professional brethren. M. Magendie, an ambitious experimentalist of Paris, has been most pertinacious in his endeavours to make good a claim to the discovery of the different functions of the spinal nerves, and their causes. In the very first sentence of a paper on those nerves (dated July, 1822), M. Magendie says, that he had *long entertained the intention* of making experiments upon the roots of the spinal system, but without any idea of what the result should be: he made the experiments, however, at last, as it appears, and discovers that the anterior root is for motion, and the posterior root for sensibility. We cannot possibly give M. Magendie credit for his good intentions in this instance; for how is it credible that a man should have an intention, an intention occupying his mind for several years, and that without entertaining any notion of a result from his intended experiments? For what purpose did he intend them at all? Or rather, why make such an extraordinary assertion? But the fact is, that before Mr. Magendie made his experiments, he had accompanied a friend of Mr. Bell's to the veterinary institution near Paris, and there witnessed the experiments of Mr. Bell performed upon the fifth nerve and the seventh—the rationale of the experiments was explained to him—the little work before mentioned, the "*Idea*," &c. was put into his hands—and with it two engraved plans of Mr. Bell's views of the regular and irregular systems—how then is he to be justified? An awkward dilemma presents itself to him, and he has no chance whatever of an escape.

We have said that Mr. Bell's system was first broached in 1811. From this date until the year 1821, when his first paper was presented to the Royal Society, it does not appear that he published any thing on the subject. The interval was employed in pursuing his researches, and perfecting the demonstration of his doctrines; and every year he delivered a certain number of lectures upon them, in

the theatre of the Hunterian school, in Windmill-street, where he occupied the chair of Surgical Anatomy, until the period of his connection with the University of London. But subsequently to the publication of his first paper in the Philosophical Transactions, several others have been read to the Society; and in fine, as we suppose he considers his labours to be now as complete as they are likely to be for some time, he has recently published them in a collected form.

It is not, however, to be understood, that to these researches alone, his labours, particularly within the last ten years, have been devoted. Mr. Bell is one of the most practically useful of men. Besides the professional papers which have come from his hands in rapid succession, all tending to promote the interests of the medical art, he has been engaged in another department, in which his utility and value are fully evinced to the vastly extended class of general readers. His contributions to the spread of useful information have been exemplary and conspicuous: he is known to be the author of several popular treatises put forth by the Society for the diffusion of knowledge; and an announcement which has just been made of another work in which he is occupied, has set all the reading portion of the community on the *qui vive* for its publication. We, of course, allude to the promised edition of the "Natural Theology," illustrated by the combined talent of the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Bell. How would the benevolent heart of the Archdeacon of Carlisle have bounded in his bosom at the thought of being transmitted to a succeeding generation in company with two such fellow-labourers! The names of Paley, Bell, and Brougham, will, we trust, long be familiar to the public, as a learned triumvirate, zealous in the cause of popular instruction. It is not for us to dwell upon the extraordinary merits of Lord Brougham: he will, no doubt, follow up the glorious example of usefulness which he has set in this instance to the noble and learned of the land, by bestowing upon this valuable work a portion of those powers of eloquence and learning for which his character ranks so deservedly high;—but for Mr. Bell we will venture to anticipate, that he who has evinced such comprehensiveness with minuteness in his researches—who so abounds with vivid and rich illustration—and who so much resembles Paley, in a congenial predilection for ingenious and practical remark—will throw a light around the physical parts of the volume that will render it in the highest degree attractive.

From the various qualities and accomplishments, as a man of science, which we have attributed to the subject of our sketch, it may naturally be inferred that we mean to add, that he is besides an admirable lecturer. Such was the character we received of him from public report: but we were determined to hear him, and judge for ourselves. It was on one of the grand days—the opening of the session at the London University—that we first heard him deliver a lecture. The theatre was very full, and the applause with which his entrance was greeted proved how much he was in the good graces of his audience: we were delighted to find him welcomed with such respect; it was far more hearty and genuine than is usually bestowed on these occasions. The professor began—and it is not going beyond the bounds of truth to say, that we do not remember ever to have heard a more masterly prelection. It was the first of a course of physiology—and physiology in its widest extent was his subject: all nature was laid under contribution to illustrate the topics he undertook to discuss: the flights of astronomy, ranging among the planets—the depths of geology, sounding the subterranean strata, and examining the remains of former worlds—all the beasts of the earth,

fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea, that could be comprehended with any order or regularity within the extent of an hour's address—were put into requisition; and all this was done with an ease, yet an impressiveness, that imparted a very singular character to the delivery. His language was sufficiently fluent and dignified—his accents mild and undertoned, yet apparently emphatic—his manner leisurely and unembarrassed—so much so, as to appear at first bordering on affectation; but this, we understood, is his peculiar manner—as, indeed, we have since had frequent opportunities of ascertaining it to be. In short, Mr. Bell speaks as he writes—with correctness, good taste, and elevation of sentiment.

The connection of Mr. Bell with the London University is severed. It was an unfortunate connection from the very commencement—unfortunate for both parties. It was begun and ended in a misunderstanding. That Mr. Bell was grievously disappointed with the whole course of management in the institution, from the very first, was not only apparent from his manner all along, constrained and uncomfortable as it evidently was, but he has himself told us so. In a letter to his pupils, upon his recent abrupt resignation, he has explicitly declared the causes of his discontent. He who, as all the world acknowledged, and he himself does not affect to deny, should have been entrusted with a *carte blanche* for the arrangement of the University school of medicine—whose lengthened and mature experience gave him ample claim to such a privilege—was, after being induced to give up his chair in another place, not only not complimented with any discretionary power of the sort, but was classed with a number of new men, who were most unreasonably set upon an equal footing with him. In place of leaving to Mr. Bell the choice of his colleagues, and instituting him a sort of president over the whole of the medical department, with full powers to arrange it as he should think fit, a council composed almost altogether of lawyers and men of business, precipitately drew up a list of places to be filled by professors—and professors were actually elected before any plan of a school was laid down, or a line of demarcation drawn between the duties of each particular chair. Hence those unhappy and eternal dissensions, which prevailed in the University school of medicine—disgusting to every observer, and disgraceful to the establishment. Changes and rumours of changes were perpetual, and at length unheeded from their frequency. Mr. Bell found his position most unpleasant, and repeatedly attempted to resign: his resignation was as frequently not accepted: at length, however, the slender cord that bound him to the place was snapped asunder—and at a time, too, when it was most inconvenient and unforeseen. In consequence of an ill-advised and hasty resolution of the council, Mr. Bell found himself so much aggrieved, that he abruptly broke off his course. "There may have been some feeling in the matter," he writes in his letter to his pupils; "but if I had not taken leave of the University, I should have compromised my own respectability, and that of the profession. I need not say that I acted against my own interest when I resigned my lectures, which have been a continual source of satisfaction and improvement to me—when I gave up emoluments not insignificant to my very moderate income—and when I exposed myself to the displeasure of many influential personages. For the four last years I have had my mind but too intently occupied with the interests of the London University;—I have lost much time at a period of life when it is hard to redeem it."

We wish he had displayed the same firmness and decision at an ear-

lier period. He made a great sacrifice originally, in accepting a chair which he evidently never filled with any comfort to himself ; and the sacrifice which he has now made, in suddenly relinquishing that chair—we mean in a pecuniary point of view—is, we fear, to him an object which he has too hastily overlooked. He has announced it to be his intention henceforth to devote himself exclusively to the practice of his profession. His practice has never been considerable ;—why, we know not, except for the reason we have already assigned. No speculatist or discoverer has ever been successful in practice. In other respects, few men appear to be better qualified for the discharge of professional duties ; he is indeed an able surgeon—a clear-headed, bold, and dexterous operator—and his mild, gentlemanly and humane deportment ought to be peculiarly in his favour. Some years ago, M. Roux, decidedly the most clever operator in France, and certainly no mean judge in such a matter, thus expressed himself with regard to Mr. Bell's merits : “ He is one of those few among the London surgeons, in whom I have recognised, in performing operations, what I should willingly call the French manner ; grace without affectation, and a continued attention to do every thing in his power, in order to arrive quickly at the termination of the painful act which constitutes every surgical operation—without appearing to be in any degree precipitate.”

In his intercourse with his professional brethren, he cannot boast of meeting with much cordiality or special favour : he is *admired* for his profound attainments, but, perhaps, not loved the more for them. His frankness, however, and his integrity, secure him from having many enemies—and this security is just as much as any man of prominent talent can expect to enjoy among his contemporaries. A more ample measure of justice will be done him hereafter, when posterity shall have selected his name from among the host of little adversaries, who would stifle, if they could, the merits of him whom they cannot rival.

C.

THE LAST PLAGUE.

“ Let the men go.”—Exodus x. 7.

Load was the cry from Egypt's frighted land,
When Deity stretched forth his “ red right hand,”
Cloth'd in the awful terrors of his power,
To fling down vengeance in the midnight hour—
From gorgeous palace to the meanest shed,
The sons of Mizraim mourn their offspring dead.

Mark ye that female form, with phrenzied mind,
And raven tresses streaming in the wind ;
With frantic footstep, and with anguish'd throes,
She issues from the sculptur'd portico ;
Her tender frame the biting night air chills,
The damp of Egypt on her brow distills ;
Yet nought she recks—but madly rushing on—
Within her arms her stiffen'd first born son :
She seeks the palace gate, and wild with wo,
Joins in the outcry, “ Let the people go.”